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The Bee.

AT NEWTOWN, FAIRFIELD COUNTY, CONN.

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Mails Open :- From the South, 1120 a. w. and 50 P. M. From the North, 12.00 M. and 6.00 P. M. Mails close:—Going North, 10.30 a. m. and 4.45 r. m. Going South at 11.25 a. m. and 4.45 r. m. Z. S. Pack, P. M.

EMUBCHES. TRINGTY CHORCH.—Main Street, Rev. Newton E. Marbis, D. D., rector. Services 10 30 a. m. Sunday School, 12 m. Afternoon service, at 1.

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Carmone:--Main Street, Rev. Father McCarton gostor. Services, 10,15 a. M. Sunday School 52,30 F. M.

SOCIETIES.

Otive Basech Juvenile Temple so 14.—Public meeting every Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock, in South Centre School House, officers: Mrs 8 N Mora, Supt. Miss M F. Hook. Sec.

87. Parance's Temprepance Society—nev. Fath-er Japon McCarian Propident, John Mooney Vice Proceeding, Thomas Egap Secretary, Patrick Cain Tanantier.

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SANDY HOOK.

сипрения.

Marmonter. - Rev James Taylor, pastor. Services, 19.30 a. m., 1.30 and f. r. m. Sunday school J. 1.45 a. m. Frayer meeting Thursday avenings, 8 r. m.

SOCIETIES.

Granter Long Independent Onder or Good Templans—queet in half oner H. L. Whoele's Furniture Wateroum overy Friday vering. (Hi-cory J. P. Blockman, W. C. T. Mrs. W. W. Per-kins, W. V. T. Johnstins Beahler, W. S., Mrs. E. A. Benautt, W. F. S., Mrs. H. L. Whoeley W. T., Wan, B. Terrill, W. M., Miss. N. A. Judson, W. I. & Miss. Ella S. Pecz, W. O. G. John F. Griffin, P. W. T.

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ROFAL ARCH CHAPTER.—Moet Second Thursday of such month, in Masonic Mail. Officers; Geo. Woffenden, H. P., H. L. Wisseler, K., James M. Blackman, Scribe., Wm. I. Fastford, C of H., Jan A. Wilson, P. S., G. A. Hough, E. A. C.

ALPHA JUVESILE TEMPLE No 1.—meet in Lodge Boom over Furniture Store, every Sunday after moon, at 4:30 o'clock. Miss Ella Pack, Supt. F W Perkins, W C T.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Newtown & Wasdbury Stage Line.

Newtown T Septiming Stage Life.

Leves Woodbury at 7,30 a. m., Bonthury at 8,30 a.m., South Britain at 9 a. m., Bennett's Bridge at 3,30 a. m., Berkshire at 10 a. m., Spindy Hook at 10,30 a. m., striving at Newtown to meet the 10,47 a. m. Up Train, and leaves for Woodbury on the arrival of the 11.69 a. m., Down Train, and arrives at Woodbury at 3 p. m., the same time as the Woodbury and Seymour Stage,

GEORGE TYLEE, Proprietor,

Newtown, Aug. 24, 1877.

People's Line. I offer my services to the traveling public, and case found at all traces ready to comprey passengers to all on the Depot, or to Sandy Hook and Newtown St. Charges moderate. Remember the "G-verner."
GEORGE REDSTONE.

Housatonic Railroad. e Table. To take effect July 10, 1877,

Trains Later Nondema Sloing North 19.47 am. 17.45 2 ob 5.23 and 7.45 p. m. 10.47 a. m. 17.45 2 ob 5.23 and 7.45 p. m. 10.47 a. m and 5.29 p. m. trains connect as Brookseld Juntion with trains for Danbury.

Geing South, 6.15 and 11.40 a. m., 5.46 and 7.4 p. m. 8 and 7.4 p. m. 8 and 7.4 p. m. Fraint Lence Haudesville Geing North, 10, 57 a.m., 120 3, 25 3, 40 and 7, 39 p. m., 19 57 a.m. and 5, 69 p. m. trains comnect at Brookfield Sunction with trains for Danbury.

Going South, 6.65 and 11.30 a. m., 4.55 and 5.20 p. m. Sunday Milk Train, 7.50 p m

Shepaug Railroad.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS, con

August 13, 1871.

Connecting Trains Leave Newtones at 10.47 a. m. and 5.79 p. m. Arrive at Letchited 2,20 and 7.35 p. m. Schreding has additional Connection in made by Train passing Newtown at 7.45 p. m., with Train arriving at Lifechield at 10.00 p. m. Lame Leichield at 3.35 a. m. [Mondays 7.15 a. m.] and 3.30 p. m., arriving at Hawleyville 11.50 a. m. [Mondays 7.16 a. m.] and 7.05 p. m., connecting with trains on Homestonic R. R. Sendey Hilb Presis leaves Latchield 4.40 p. m. and connects with Homestonic Milk Train.

C. H. PLATT, Supt.

ROETRY.

"JUBGE NOT."

(PROM THE STREET PRESS.)

Ol judge not thou thy brother-man, Lest thou thyself be judged; Think, ere then atterest thy ban, Of sins flow hast indulged.

Judge not the many erring ones, Who pass thee on life's way; The blood of Christ for these atones, He died for such as they,

Judge not each simple word and act, To be with wrong intent ; Such judgment may on thee re-act— In righteous punishment.

Christ saith. "The measure that ye mete, Shall measured be to thee." These words with wisdom are replete; He knows how prone are we,

Each look to watch, each act to scan And ready to repreve; Forgetful of how frail is man, And that our " God is love."

-M. L. G. F.

Secred Stories.

NONA.

Nona stood by the window, deeply considering.

How the beatiful prospect, the world of rose-hues, wax-lights and golden promises allured her!

After all, would she be doing, justice to herself or the rest if she declined the broader, brighter life stretching out before ben! Every one added to the burden press-

ing on the Rodman paternal shoulders; the cloud of care had not been allowed to fall upon Nons, but she knew in a vague way that the general shubbiness which had stoleg by imperceptible degrees over the family was unavoidable in making the two ends meet; even her support removed would ne a lightening

"I have made up my mind," she said, with sudden resolution, turning to make the announcement just as the door opened and Robert came in.

"Going? That is right," he said, approvingly, while a storm of reproaches and remonstrances broke forth from the younger boys.

They had a better right to her than Mrs.Mcllvane; how would she get along without half a dozen fellows to fight

her battles, and-pathetically-what in this wide world would they do without Nona? "Ob, I will be placed so I can make that all right. Do you think I am going to take all the benefits and give none?

There shall be a shower of golder fairy gifts, take my word for it, and such things have a wonderful effect in solacing broken hearts, I've heard,"

Mrs. Rodman looked in surprise at this burst of evolcism from Nona, but the girl had flitted away, with the momentary bitterness welling up into one low, passionate cry as she found herself alone.

"Oh, it is well I am to go when he shows I have wore out my welcome

The next moment she was ashamed of herself for that ungenerous and unwatrauted reflection upon those whose affection had never failed her, but the knowledge that Robert would willingly see her depart hurt her all the same.

She could not know what stern repression the young fellow had put upon imself, how he had argued that it would he nafair to take gdyantage of her ignorance when she stood upon the threshold of the sphere to which she properly belonged, or what strong faith he had that elfe would go through the world unscuthed.

She was not one of them properly. Motherly Mrs. Rodman had taken the onely little orphan into her heart and

All the boys from manly Rob down to tiny Dave vied with each other in doing homage to the little queen.

That was the state of affairs when Mrs. Mellvane came in her carriage one day with a proposition that took Nona's

"My dear," said the stately old lady, your father was dear 'o me once as a son. I hope his daughter will not refuse me the comfort and happiness which she alone can give. Every advantage I can offer shall be yours. These good people have a family of their own, they will not miss you, and it is a very lonely old woman who is begging for the boon of your companie

She might have added a very despotic

and jealous old woman, too, who had already resolved that the day which should transplant this flower of girlbood into her home should sever her connection with the "good people" to whom Mrs. Mclivane signified her desires with affable condescension. And so Nons passed from the humble home circle into the sphere of wealth, fashion and splendor, where Mrs. McIlvane was proud to in-

troduce her protege. The freshness and sweetness which had charmed her patroness had power to charm the world-at least that part of the world which was embodied in Mark

Mrs. McIlvane looked on well con

Mark was her ideal of perfection as nearly as it might be attained among

"You do not know how to appreciate the honor of his attentions at half their worth," she declared, annoyed that Nona seemed so little impressed. "He is a man who has been free from the foibles of most men; he has never amused himself by paying idle homage to women, and I believe he is gaose capable of a deep attachment that he has been so entirely untouched during all the years when he might have chosen among the very flowers of our belles,"

"It argues either very poor taste or a very absorbed mind on his part," answered Nona.

But in her secret heart she was flatter ed by Chautrey's preference.

She had an honest liking for the man and enough feminine malice to enjoy a triumph which was so widely envied her and yet it would be unjust to Nona to say that she coquetted with him deliberately.

She had never stopped to analyze her own feelings, when she was suddenly faced by the crisis which others had foreseen while she had only vaguely felt that it come. Mark Chantrey had asked her to become his wife. She sat in her own room "thinking it

out.

She was troubled, weary and op-

She had Robert's picture before her. the still hoyish face, thinner, paler than it should have been from overwork, the brown eyes wistful and tender as she had often met them.

Could she, after once taking the dequish the advantages it held, and go back contentedly to the old, humble lot, with its struggles and its privations. Little by little her trouble died out before a growing resolution, but somehow one-half of the sweetness seemed to have died, too, from the fair young

would not see Mark until evening: then she would meet him and give him his answer. Mrs. McIlvane was never guilty of

making an early appearance, and it argued ill for Mr. Chantrey's impatience as a lover that he was not present when Nona's eyes sought him in the throng. When he did come he did not immedi

ately join her. He was in close conversation with the editor of a leading paper and as they drifted near her she over heard the latter say-

"His articles were noticeable from th first in their marked originality and real merit. In securing young Rodman we have made an important acquisition. tell you he is a rising genius destined to make his mark."

"Yes," assented Mr. Chantrey, and as his interest in the subject flagged he turned towards the spot where Nonhad stood, but she was not there now. She had found an obscure corner and

hidden herself in the shadows. Ambition and gratified vanity had almost urged her to accept a man for whom her deepest feeling was friendly regard.

She knew it now that her pulses were thrilling and heart beating high with the pride of hearing Robert spoken of in such terms of praise. And realizing her own needs and capabilities, she felt that life held grander possibilities than the empty honor of wifehood with one who had overcome all the obstacles in his course and attained the placid level of success in which his best efforts were already expended.

Chantrey found her there, and while it would be most unjust to say he did not feel her gentle but unmistakable decle sion of his suit ke-nly and sincerely, h was not a man to let disappointment is love make any difference in the routine of his daily life.

And None walked in upon the Rodman circle next evening just as it had

take me back again ?" she asked, smiling shall be very glad." tearfully. "Because I have offended beyond redemption. I was never much help, I'm afraid; but you must not think Mrs. Mclivane bas spoiled me for all good."

"Dear child," from happy Mrs. Rod man, "it was losing the sunshine when you left us."

And all the rest were eager with their welcoming assurance-all but Robert. He had not words, but wis, eyes spoke for him.

He spoke for himself on another sub ject before they parted for the night.

"If you had not come back to us I should have gone to you, Nona, I hardly dared to hope for this time when I should be saying to you, 'I love you, sweet,' and yet I believed in it so fully that I never lost heart to work and strive. Do

"I know that I am fated to have celebrity for a husband," she interrupted "and that celebrity and that husband is yourself."

Laura's Doctor.

I was thoroughly enjoying myself on one of nature's best early Summer mornings; the trees were just in their early green, the meadows were golden with buttercups, the ditches hidden by the moisture-loving wild flowers. An old friend had told me of this place, with its pretty village, its rustic rectory and glorious trout stream; telling me, too, how the gentle, kind old rector would, if asked, give me leave to make casts from his meadow across to the high bank under which the fat speckled trout lay waiting for the pretty dancing May-flies, which flitted up and down in wordrous flight, sailing aloft, and floating slowly down to the glistening water. Continuing along the foot-path to where I had been told it turned into the copse, on passing which I should find myself opposite the rectory garden, where I was going to ask leave to fish, I stopped short for I had suddenly come in sight of a stile, by which stood a sweet-looking English maiden, simply dressed, in hollandcolored grass cloth, with a plain straw hat covering the dark hair gathered in a cluster behind. She was very pale-a pallor increased by the black velvet tie fastened beneath the little plain collar round her neck, and as I first saw her she stood with the fingers of her right hand lightly resting on the little stile, while her left was held up as if to command silence. It was evident that she had heard my approaching footsteps, for auddenly her face became animated, she clasped her hands together, a joyous smile overspread her face, and she

bounded towards me. "At last, at last !" she cried wildly; and then, when within a few yards, she stopped short, the bright look of animation faded away as if the sunshine had passed from her young life, and crossing her hands wearily upon her breast, she stood for a few moments gazing at me, as I involuntarily raised my soft tweed

" No, no, no !" she said slowly, with sigh; and looking at me again wistfully, she turned away, crept through an opening beside the stile, and was gone, "Poor girl !" I said; "there's a sad

tory attached to her life, I'm sure." I walked on to the stile, crossed the wood, leaped another stile, and stood in pretty lane, close to a charmingly kept garden, running down from the road to beautiful rustic-looking house, and not many yards from me a gray-headed old gentleman in black, with a velvet cap on his head, was busy, trowel in hand, planting scarlet geraniums in one of the beds that dotted the velvet lawn. He ooked up and started slightly as he saw me, then bowing, he came down to the rough trellis fence that divided his garden from the lane.

" A nice morning," he said pleasantly, as I raised my hat, "Fishing, I presume ?"

"Yes," I said; "I was going to try." " And you were going to sak my leave, ch ?" he said smiling.

"I intended to call after I had been into the village," I replied, taken somewhat aback.

"Did you leave town this morning?" said the old gentleman. "Yes," I replied, "by the first train,

and walked across from Hautley." "Then you must be quite ready for breakfast," he said, referring to his watch. "It will be ready now."

"Ob, thunk you, no," I stam for this offer of hospitality to a perfect stranger was staggering, "I am going down to the inn, and then if you will I back.

"Do you really care enough for me to kindly permit me to whip the stream I

"Oh, certainly, certainly," he said 'I am an old fisherman myself, and I beheve we of the craft are somewhat Free Masons in our way. The May-fly are well on, and you will have good sport towards evening-not before."

He moved towards the rustic gate as he spoke, and held it open. "But really--" I stammered.

"My dear sir," said the old gentleman, "I lead such a quiet life here that a visiitor from the great city is most welcome. You will be favoring me by coming in and partaking of our humble fare, and, besides, you will get scarcely anything at the little public house below.

This to me seemed quite idyllic, but I felt bound to refuse, till a glance at my host decided me, and almost before I had recovered from my astonishment I was in a cozy little room, looking out upon a rustic veranda clustered with roses just budding, and being introduced to "my wife," a pleasant, comely old lady, with hair like frosted silver.

The breakfast table was spread; there was the snowy cloth, the glistening coffee-pot; at the other end a bright cover that I was sure would reveal ham and eggs; there was the golden butter, the delicious looking crusty lonf, and a neathanded maiden without any fuss placed an extra knife, fork, plate, and chair for

"Tell Miss Laura breakfast is rendy," said the old rector, "She is in the garden." Then turning to me--"A word to put you at your ease," he said, sadly. My poor daughter suffers from a terrible mental affliction. Don't speak to her: she would not answer you; she rarely even speaks to us."

I was quite prepared to see the lady I had encountered in the wood glide into the room and take her place opposite, and this she did without noticing me; and though I had been ravenously hungry just before, somehow her presence so affected me that I made but a poor breakfast. As we finished the poor girl rose and glided away again, shortly afterwards followed by her mother.

"Poor girl !" I said involuntarily, and then I started, vexed at my indiscretion, for the rector laid his hand upon my arm saying softly, "Thank you."

He looked at me, as I interpreted it, as if he would like to be questioned, and

ventured to say : "Has she been always so 9" "No, no," said the old man sadly, "the flower was bright and vigorous once, but a blight came upon it, and since then it has faded slowly till it drooped as you

see it now. 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done " He said those last words in an almost insudible tone, but I caught two or three

and was able mentally to fill the rest. "I can hardly think it was that," said the old rector saily, "but she has faded away ever since this time three years ago when a gentleman of about your age was down here fishing."

"The old story," I said, bitterly. "No, my friend, no; he was staying it a little farm close by, and asked leave to fish just as you have, and I showed him a trifle of hospitality. I believe him to have been a gentleman in every sense of the word, and at times I think he must have made a strange impression on my poor child. He was only here for three days, and we have never seen him since. Perhaps it is only fancy, and my poor child's ailment may proceed from other oauses. But come, I will show you the water."

Leading the way the old gentleman took me across the sloping meadows. and left me at last by as beautiful a trout stream as I ever saw.

"There," he said, "I won't stop, but if there is no sign of a rise come and have a bit of lunch. We shall dine at 2, so as to leave you free for the evening, when the trout are sure to come on."

Before"I could utter a word of protest he was gone; and then with that delicious trout stresm before me, my tackle in my hand and the May-files darting up and down, I, an ardeat fisherman, forgot all, and sat down upon an old stump, trying to bring up old memories a half forgotten story told me by quaint Ralph Darly, my old friend and companion, who hed told me to go and try this water; old Ralph, the mysogynist, the dry, grumpy, old fellow, who had told me one night in his chambers in the Temple, in one of his rare bursts of confidence, as we sat in the open a girl who he could have loved with all his beart, but poverty dread of refusal and moral cowardice had kept him

"I have got it?" if said suddenly, after sitting there for quite an hour, and jumping up I looked at my watch and the leaf of a time table. Yes, I could just do it-eatch the train up. But could I get by the rectory unseen?

I tried and found another way across to the lane by which I came; and making all the haste I could I just panted up to the little station as the up-train crawled in. Two hours later I was in Ralph's room, where he was poring over a dry brief.

"Hullo!" be said looking up. "I thought you were off fishing."

"Yes," I said putting on the gross deceiver; "I did run down to the place you told me of."

"Indeed!" he said looking interested but sinking back, half closing his eyes, with a sad smile on his lip, which seemed to me to say, "Ah ! if that could have been.'

"Yes, the trout are on wonderfully, May-flies in abundance. I hadn't the heart, though to fish alone, and so I came back to fetch you, without wetting a line. Come, let's start by the first train in the morning. You make plenty of money now. Have a day," His eyes sparkled as he grasped my

"This is kind of you old fellow; I should enjoy it above all things, andyes, I could spare a day. But no-no,"

he said sadly, "I won't go." "Nonsense!" I cried, "you shall,"
"No," he said, "that place is associated with something very depressing to my

nind. I can't go." "My dear Ralph," I said, "I have come back on purpose to fetch you, and

go you must." My persistence prevailed, and trembling for the success of my plan to such an extent that I lay awake all night for fear I should miss the train, I rose and took my bath at 4; got Ralph off; and we ran down by the same train as I had gone by on the previous morning, my friend growing more eilent and depressed as we reached the station and walked

towards the rectory.
"It's just three years since I was down here," he said sadly, as we approached the copse. "How sweetly the birds

sing." I manuvered so that he should go first having for excuse the narrowness of the new-sprent path; and as I hoped so it yards in advance, I hung back as Ralph surned the corner by the stile, when there was a wild cry, a sharp ejaculation and I saw poor Laura literally leap to his breast and nestle there, exclaiming, 'At last | at last !"

"My poor girl," he cried in faltering ones, assounded, delighted, and ended by clasping her tightly to him, as she exclaimed joyously-

"It has been so long, but I knew you would come at last." "Here, quick ! quick " cried Ralph.

she has fainted. It was quite true, and between us we carried the poor girl to the rectory from whence the gardener went galloping off

on the rector's cob for the doctor, three miles away. But Laura wanted no doctor; and a short time later I left her lying on the ofa, holding Ralph's hand tightly in both of hers, as he knelt by her side, telling her again and again how he had always loved her, but had never dared to hope-words that made her eyes brighten and her heart palpitate

"And this is why you didn't come back vesterday ?" said the old gentleman with his voice shaking as he clung to my

band. "And we-we-we kept the ducks till they were quite spoiled," sobbed the old ady. "Oh dear, oh dear! I don't know what I'm saying, only God bless you for this! God bless you!" and she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me es if I had been her son.

I ran away at last, I felt so ready to act like a child; and the basket of trout I killed that day was a marvel.

It was getting dark when I strolled back, heavily laden, to the rectory, to hear that the doctor had been and gone "Smiling, sir, smiling," said the old

rector to me, as I remember that I had thought she wanted none. And I was right; for Laura-I am privileged to call my old friend's wife by her Caristian name-soon grew strong and well, her mental weakness passing away with her return to bodily health. They have a charming cottage near the rectory, where I stay when I go down to fish; and they have four little girls who always call me uncle, but when there is

a long he is to be called no my home.